

of the churches of his country, and read the story of his redemption. It is there before him in picture-language. How much more fortunate in this respect is the Catholic Aztec than his dusky Protestant neighbor on this side of the river. The former, from his picture-lesson, takes in at a glance the sum and substance of religion, while the illiterate Protestant laboriously strives to gather up some of the crumbs of religion, which drop from the lips of a "Rev. Brudder," who strives to spell and thumb through a chapter "ob de Holy Bible."

The religion of the mixed races on the other side of the Rio, will certainly bear comparison with that of the six millions dusky Protestants, or even the poor white trash, on this side. Let us hope that we shall hear no more of this female Diogenes going down into Mexico hunting with her lantern for a saint in the midst of sinners. Let her look through the highways and byways of her own land, and report her success to the magazines.

If our friend Max O'Rell were maliciously inclined he might find many things on this side tempting subjects for satire or criticism. He might find it difficult to understand how an assembly of seemingly intelligent ladies and gentlemen, with the open gospel in their hands, could listen, without protest, to an "Evangelist" belie the evangel.

Hear the church, "the pillar and the ground of truth," "Go teach all nations," are words familiar to everyone. In the face of these gospel truths, this professedly fallible "Evangelist" asserts *ex-cathedra*, that the church has no part in the work of the salvation of souls. Again, our curious visitor may find it difficult to imagine why an ill-fitting suit of store clothes, which add to the native uncouthness of the person, should be deemed a more befitting garb for the minister of public worship than

the vestments of the priest; or why "ladies" should go into hysterics, and wallow promiscuously about in a litter, to show that they had "got religion," or why people who themselves offer

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so freely, should object to its use in the Catholic Church. "O, Brother N., what an eloquent sermon you preached this morning," says Sister A., "how nicely you conducted the services this morning," says Sister B.; and then comes Sister C. with her flattery, and last but not most acceptable of all, a puff next day from the reporter. Brother N. can not find adjectives strong enough to express his detestation of the use of incense when offered to God, but this adulatory incense to himself is but a just tribute to his own importance.

Verily, says my friend O'Rell, I can't see why these people abuse us for customs which they themselves practice under another form and name. Many other things, too numerous to mention, our visitor would find difficult to comprehend. He might think it strange that the acceptance of a divine call to preach the gospel invariably coincides with the church offering the largest salary.

In the mechanical arts Uncle Sam could certainly give lessons not only to the sons of Montezuma, but to all the world and the rest of mankind. As regards religion, however, he would address his Hidalgo neighbor somewhat as follows: Throughout the length and breadth of my extensive domain the favorite religious motto seems to be, *Go as you please*. Some of my children would fain export this variegated species of religion, but it is an article of dubious domestic utility, and I can not recommend it for foreign service.

My manufactures can not be equaled. Take my dry goods and hardware, my machinery, patent medicine, and pills; but my religion, well really, I have none, never had any. When I estab-